

religious rites. Our lead scientists has no answers. This all seems to be some terrible dream we cannot wake from.

And then Grayson proposed the most vile idea of all. He wanted us to exhume the body of Linklater, who had been killed by the diamond traffickers only weeks before and bring it out to the fog. To be reanimated. In a state of half-decay, before the vultures could pick it clean. Grayson said that it was the only way for us to escape our predicament... that Linklater knew the location of the plane and had taken the secret with him to the grave.

It was the only chance we had.

Chapter 6 by Selena Raynee



We tried and failed. After all, the fog can't animate anything but bones.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



And so we left Linklater's body in the sun for the vultures. We watched as his body was picked clean. And we waited for the fog to roll in and hide the scene from our sight. I fell asleep during the night, watching. But Grayson woke me soon enough, prodding me in the ribs with his torch.

Chapter 8 by Luke Meyers



"Not tonight, Grayson," I muttered as I pulled the pillow over my head.

"Cute," she snipped, "but no. It's time."

I blinked slowly, remembering myself. I had to be present. Peering out into the dark, I could see that the fog had thickened greatly during my brief slumber. Linklater's bones were visible as barely more than a lump. As I watched, I could see that Grayson was right; it had begun. There

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He shook his head. Even in the dark, I could see something strange in his expression. "I'm sorry, Robert," he said. "I told you this was the only way out. But only for me." As I gaped for words of reply, he swung the butt of his torch and cracked me severely across the temple.

I spilled to the ground, my head spinning and fading. "You son of a bitch!" I managed to spit. "You sold me out! You sold all of us out to those diamond bastards!" I put an arm under me and made to stand, but he kicked me hard in the chest and sent me tumbling down on my back.

He put his foot to my throat. "You were already dead, man. You and everyone. I got my ticket out by greasing the wheels, that's all. Goodnight, Robert."

As he pressed his foot down and crushed my throat, I felt past the pain and into a gentle, calming fog that soon overtook everything.

the end

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